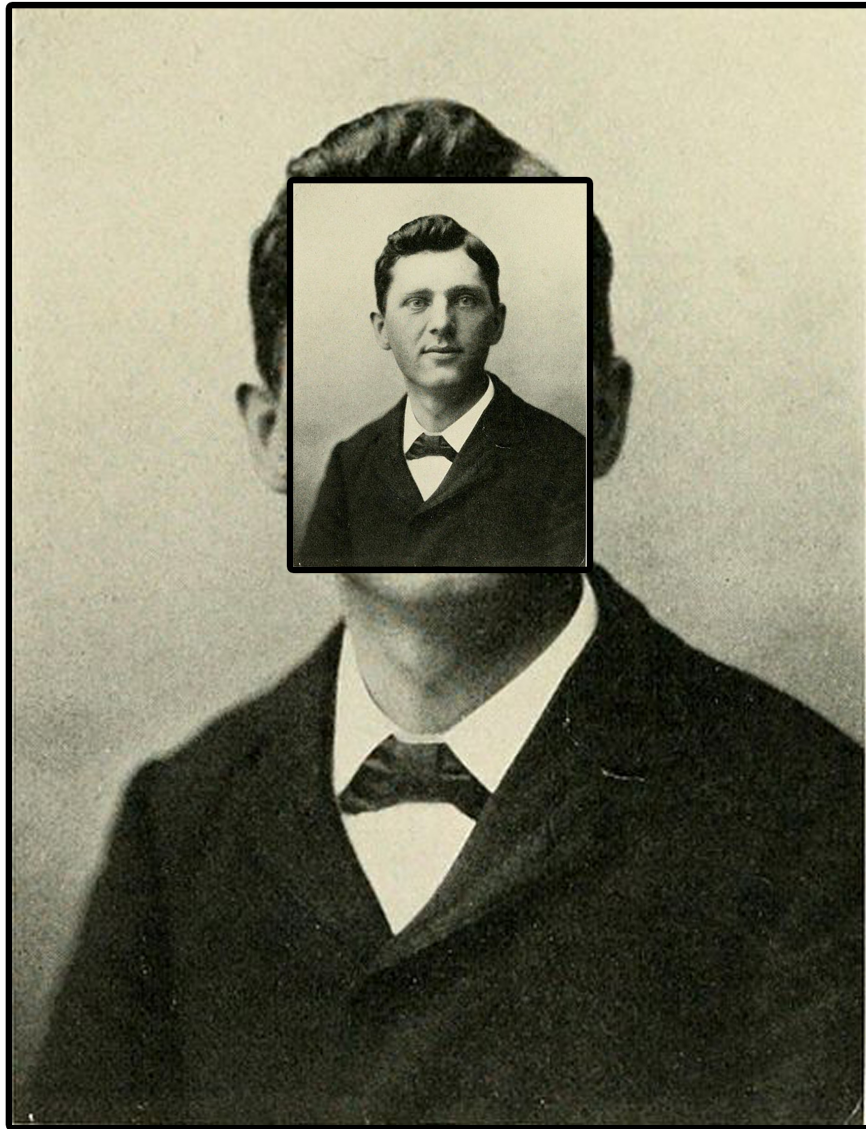


# despair



volume 1 issue 1

free

*From the editor:*

The following work makes a social point in a quiet unobtrusive manner. We the self-conscious who spend all our time thinking in an ineffective fashion; we the enthusiastic, the single-minded and courageous (ridiculously) have attempted to answer the “demands” of everyone. Thus we paint life in the way it is, in a “true” light. We address the burning problems of our day by talking of human emotion and the redeeming power of love. Radicals are indignant and see our work as a caricature of militant materialism and the negation of all religious and aesthetic values, the old nobility feels the same way – both attack us and demand revisions! We portray all of society as ineffective. Every road has its end and nothing is carried to death, which is no ending, but rather the beginning. This is satirical naturalism with intense sentimental extremes and no middle ground. Confident, aggressive, and extroverted characteristics are the polar opposites to those of the toadying “pushover” protagonists. Perhaps we reject the social ideals of our youth, but we see the disproportion, cruelty and insanity of punishment. We focus on the psychology of the criminal, on circumstance and choice. We see crime as an overstepping of a boundary. We the beautiful, the wronged, the fallen, the proud and the demon-filled, we do not invite you to a cheap essential happiness nor self-satisfied material comfort; bourgeois prosperity is perceived as smugness and spiritual inertness to us. We are the group of young extremists who kill a snitch only to find out we are “ready-made” (the snitch is innocent). We cannot go back now; now we are ready for other things and I edit even though I don't agree with most of any of it!

It is a depressing world, gentlefriends!

*Leon. T. Bygones.*

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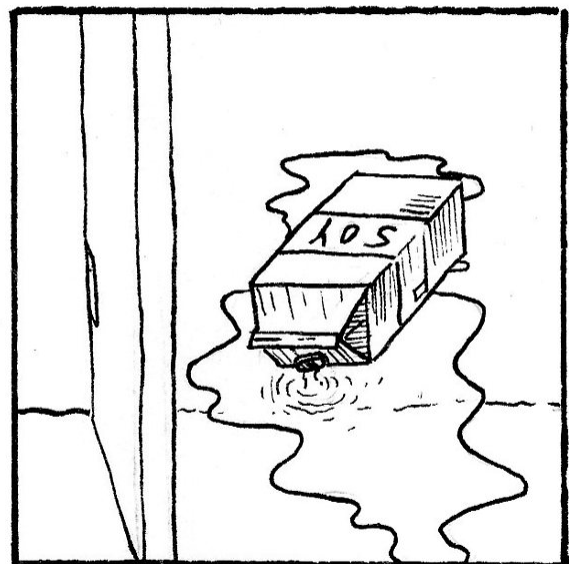
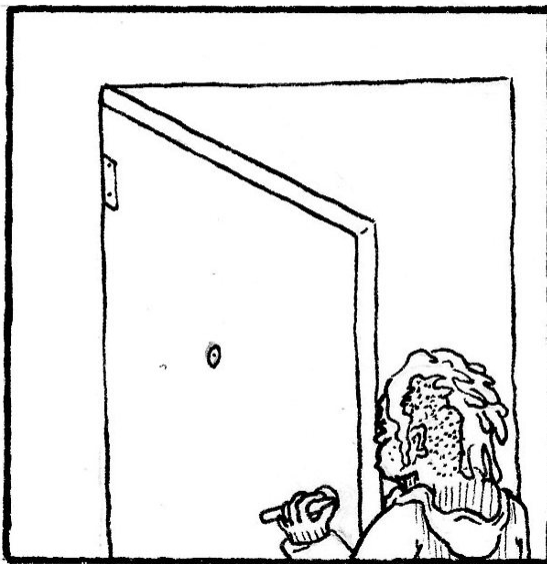
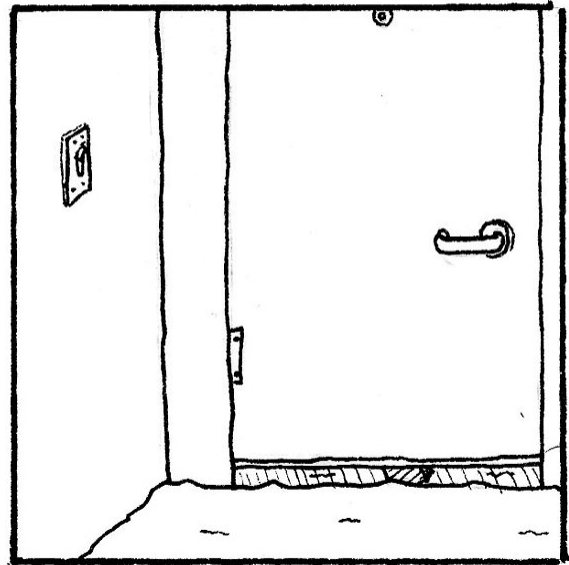
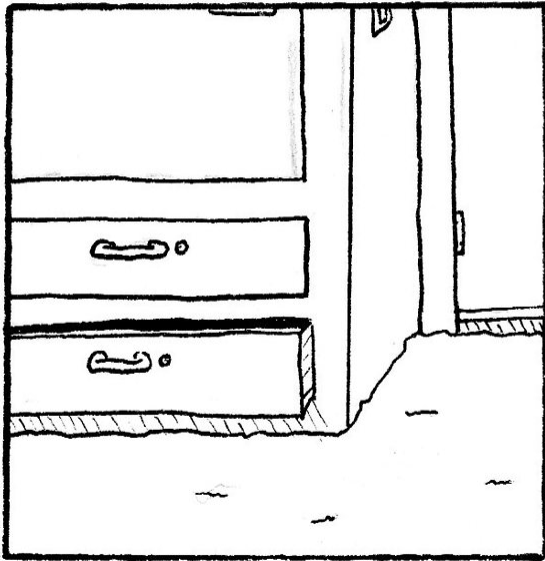
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silken dofu ((dog food

SOYA



✂ D216





## **Poor Wilson (Excerpt)**

"Jesus, who's writing this shit?"

I scream as I crumple the screenplay  
to the sitcom of my life

"Nobody will buy this!"

"Nobody will watch!"

"Nobody will care!"

I slap my writer across the face

a smooth, well practiced motion

And toss my scalding coffee-type beverage  
in my assistant's face

"I want results, people!"

I scream red in the face

I scan my memory

my extensive business training

my ample real-world managerial type experience

my extra curricular activities

and excellent interview skills

"I want results people!"

I scream even louder

I glare at my underlings

rubbing my temples

"I want results!"

"I want results!"

"I want results!"

I pick up a stapler and begin slamming staples

into my skull to prove a point

"I want results!"

thwack

"I want results!"

thwack thwack

"I want results!"

thwackthwackthwackthwackthwackthwackthwack

I stop using words and start clawing

at their eyes with my

professionally sharpened fingernails

I blame Borock Osamo for my troubles

maybe my life isn't like a microwave dinner

maybe it is

Tim "Toolman" Allen

grunt grunt grunt

NOBODY FUCKING CARES WHAT THE BOTTOM HALF

OF MY FACE LOOKS LIKE

poor wilson

sage advice  
 back to empty  
 Toolman Allen  
 grunt grunt grunt  
 sage advice  
**THERE'S A FUCKING FENCE IN MY FACE**  
**I CAN'T SEE**  
**MY INTESTINES BLORT BLORT BLORT**  
**NOBODY CARES**

A great writer once said  
 "All the world's a stage  
 and all the people merely  
 dinner theatre actors  
 waiting for their big break  
 pretending to be characters from movies  
 that were popular when their parents  
 were young and cool"  
 -Tom Clancy

[...]

Back in the good old days  
 the good old days  
 the world was rotated with giant gears  
 that were rusty brand new  
 greased with blood  
 honour and dignity  
 But listen  
 nowadays  
 a company that makes walking robots  
 a company that makes robot head  
 a company that makes robot arms  
 a camera to strap to your head  
 a chip for your butt  
 that monitors what you eat  
 this is so very modern yes  
 we are so much more modern now  
 Slow motion disaster  
 smooth sleek crisp bold  
 we are a focus group  
 a market research experiment  
 everything is going well  
 everything is correct

Waiting in line for my pittance  
 they want me to go sit on folding chairs

in gymnasiums  
 coping mechanisms  
 nobody deserves to feel bad ever  
 I'll cope my face into a frying pan  
 you don't deserve this  
 i'm worried about you  
 mmhmmm  
 i didn't get into this business to give people  
 the fifth degree  
 i didn't sign up to be in the FBI  
 i'm not even in the FBI  
 feel good all the time  
 so wonderful

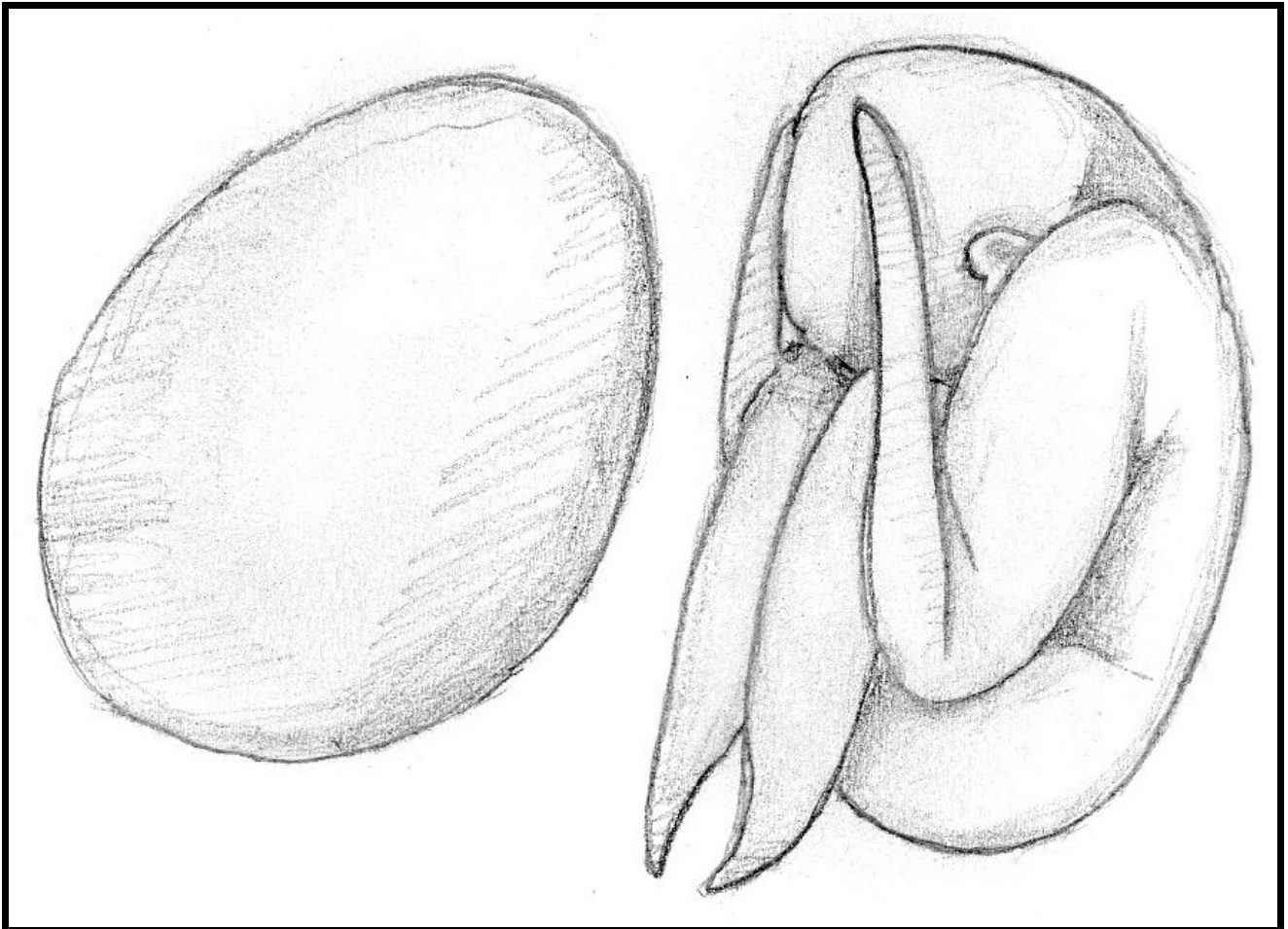
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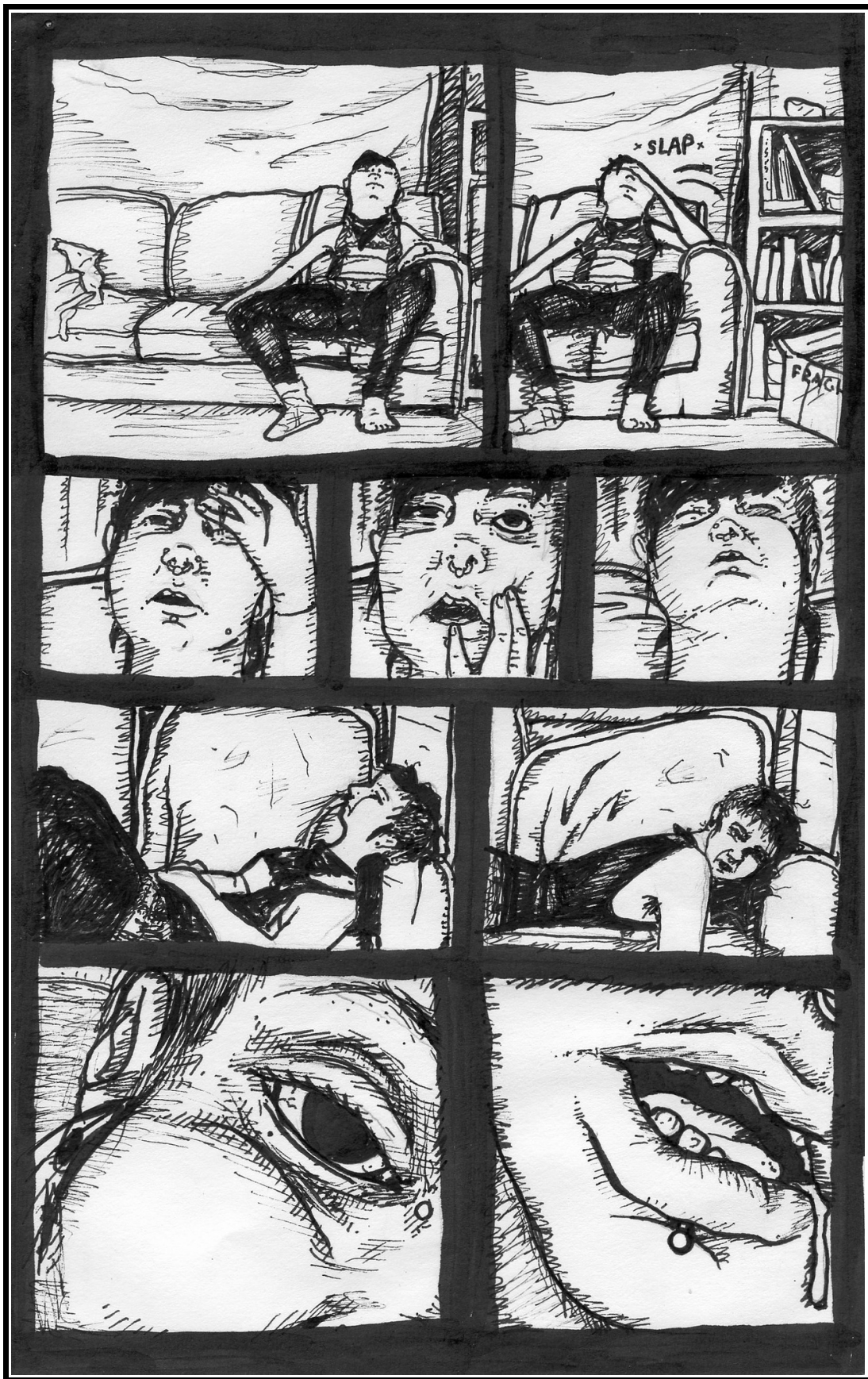
On my good days I am relentlessly unpleasant  
 today I will be silent in the dark  
 I will push myself to the edge of existence  
 to the boundary of nothingness  
 death training wheels  
 I am almost not here by now  
 I hang a belt in my closet  
 fitting  
 you must sit up straight  
 it tightens when you lean forward or back  
 you must remain in the default position  
 for safety

And now I am shivering to death in a pile of mold  
 I am given shelter and a name  
 by people who do not know me  
 a water dish  
 who benefits from this?  
 is there anyone kind enough/cruel enough  
 to carry me away to be eaten by crows?  
 maybe I am cruel  
 I am not suitably afraid of death  
 I have been made morbid  
 I put my fingers on my wrist  
 I feel nothing  
 I don't think I am alive anymore  
 I don't think I ever was

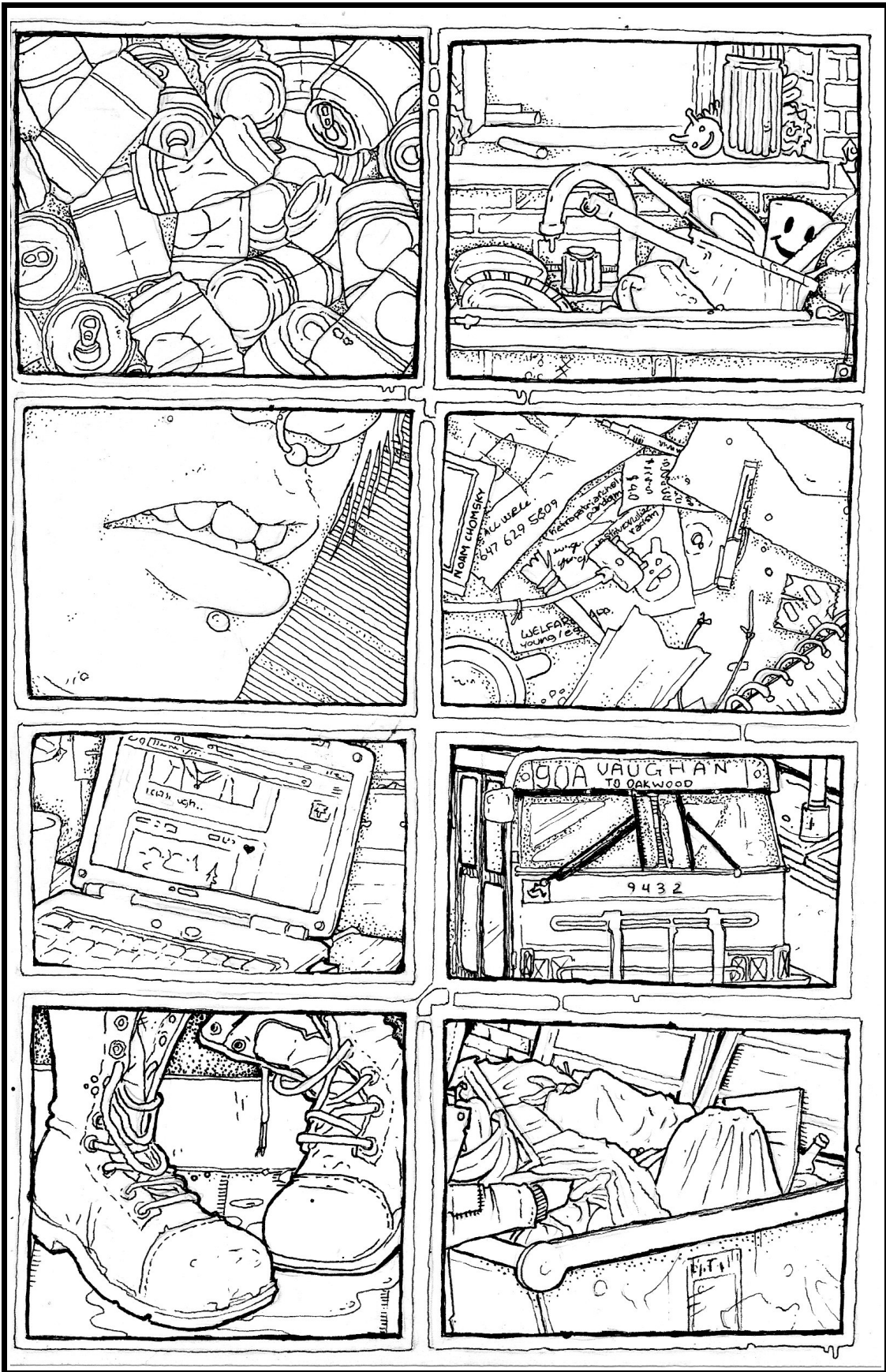
I have become Poor Wilson  
 smile now, Poor Wilson  
 nobody cares if you are frowning

# Untitled









## Дневник лишнего человека

*This is the tale of how Ivan Ivanovich quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich:*

I am Poop Poopson (Shit Shitterson) and I live in a hovel looking at "images of ugly aunty fucked".  
I am superfluous, in anomie, an anachronism. Another unnecessary bore.

*Sometimes I think about how 400 people in the US control over 2 TRILLION dollars and they all know each other. They don't have to form a "secret organization". The interest on their fortune alone means that they can control 1.2 million people's salaries – indefinitely. This is a powerful organization, even if it technically isn't one.*

I go out and meet people who think of politics as science rather than art. Why do I think this?  
And in the kings court there is a reoccurring conversation. I am so boring.

**King:** What is the order of the world? (*Strife*)

**Fool:** Mercy.

**King:** What is justice? (*Strife*)

**Fool:** Mercy.

If the king can retain and extend his authority only by tying his own hands, then tie his hands he must.

*I think I am dying of pneumonia or pertussis and I wish it upon other people. I am very shitty (hence my name). Sometimes I walk past cafes and hear conversations about nationalism. Sometimes I hear that Justin Bieber likes to watch cops - cool dude! I am so hip and happening right now!*

One day, I. You think that it won't get worse and it does. You tell me: "This Sunday October 20th we will be continuing our reading of Negative Dialectics. We will meet at 12 Noon and begin with Crepes. Bring fruit, Nutella, and coffee. Dotan will provide juice and riveting questions. Philosophy will begin post-festum and help us with our digestion. Necessity commands us to meet at noon this week, as I will be attending the Kanye West and Kendrick Lammar show." Cool deal! I'm going to cut out my eyes post-festum!

*My neighbours bang on my roof at 11pm for listening to "Styles P" too loud and stomping around.*

*I didn't bang on my roof when they play their shitty dance music at 4am. I don't care for that.*

*"In September 2011, Soulja Boy released the song "Let's Be Real". One of the lines of the song went: "Fuck the FBI and fuck all the army troops / Fighting for what? Bitch, be your own man / I'll be flying through the clouds with green like I'm Peter Pan." After the song was released, Soulja Boy was highly criticized by military members and their families, especially in regards to the timing relative to the 10th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks. Soulja Boy apologized, "When I expressed my frustration with the US Army, not only did my words come out wrong, I was wrong to even speak them." He adds, "So, I write this to give my sincerest apology to all members of the United States military services, as well as their families that were offended by my most recent lyrics." Soulja Boy apologized for the content of the song and has offered to do free performances for American soldiers."*

I play bass until my hands blister and bleed. I push my skateboard until my legs spasm. I drink and smoke so fucking much - I feel like I am always sick. I can't read my own fucking writing. What the fuck do I waste my time on. Self improvement? I want to burn everything I've ever done.

*460 tons of grain (that humans can digest) is used annually to feed livestock. That's enough to feed 8 billion people and end world hunger.*

**COOL COOL COOL WORLD. BLAST IT ALL TO SMITHEREENS.**

**Listen to Areosmith and do cocaine. *These tunes are bangin' bro.***

Indeed, just like "the marriage contained "incompatible personalities", though it lasted right through the end of their lives and gave joy to both at times. They did joke with their child at one point, however, that "[t]he trouble with this marriage is that one of us doesn't like sex and the other doesn't like food." They were believed by their contemporaries to have had an affair of long duration with Isaiah Berlin, a close friend.". Isn't life a gas? Isn't it just a gas? I AM SO FUCKING PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE.

*I am a monster I say. I woke up in the middle of the night and threw up all over myself.  
"Three, seven, ace! Three, seven, queen!" I say.*

Charles Manson's brother told me forgiveness was amongst the hardest of any activities. He also yelled fuck as loud as he could for 3 minutes, you know - string theory, don't cut your hair.

*You have a bright sunny personality, brilliant jokes, epigrams, always lightheartedly ironical and self-ironical, not taken seriously. You tell me "if you are depressed you are living in the past. If you are anxious you are living in the future. If you are at peace you are living in the present."  
And everything makes you laugh. Nice, all so very nice. Smile, dance, pee your pants.  
"ugly piece of shit"*

They sleep on a couch using old clothes as a pillow, and due to lack of money eat very rarely, although the landlady sometimes sends her servant into their room with food. They are frequently referred to as a former student because they don't have the money to finish their education. Emotionally, physically (due to lack of food) and financially stressed, their behaviour in public becomes progressively more erratic.

*"You and your friends are very melancholic, don't you ever smile?" you say.  
I respond - "Here is the ultimatum of our camp. What can be smashed must be smashed; whatever will stand the blow is sound, what flies into smithereens is rubbish; at any rate, hit out right and left, no harm will or can come of it."  
And anyways, what's worth smiling about? My lungs are so fucked I can't stop coughing. I can't fucking breathe. I collapse in the shower wheezing.  
"Die beste aller möglichen Welten" - BORING. GO FUCKETH THYSELF.*

"In 1977, punk graphics rejected the psychedelic '60s palette of King's preference. Flyers, fanzines, and album covers reverted back to stark blacks and greys. The new counter-cultural aesthetic sought to mimic and protest increasingly grim socioeconomic conditions." Now everything ever is the same thing ever. How cool is that? Pretty cool! Pretty fucking cool right? We're the cum of the atomic age.

*Kids often cough so much that it triggers their gag reflex, making them vomit.  
Those same kids tell me "if you cannot convince a fascist, acquaint his [sic] head with the pavement."  
And the things they are decided by are the things that they buy.  
They buy the things hat they are decided by.*

I accused my professor of being a white supremacist in class. IT WAS A BAD IDEA.

It's like that person said to me - "thing is nothing will change. Appearances may change but the big money will always rule. Doesn't mean I will stop voting. Like George Carlin said, the only choice we have is the flavour of ice cream you want today. At least I can vote for my favourite flavour."

They think Karl Marx is a super duper liberal republican. I think we can live ABOVE capitalism.

I am a fucking idiot apparently.

*Je voudrais mourir pour plus souffrir. Je veux mourir. Je suis seule.  
Maybe one should say "I'm sorry for you" instead of "I love you".*

"And the way I was "socialized" was not as a boy or man, but as a failure who didn't fit into either of the "boy" or "girl" categories properly. There was a constant sense of "wrongness" whenever I saw the roles I was supposed to fit into, and this sense of "wrongness" was both internal and sensed by others."

*You think that Quamdiu stat Colisæus, stat et Roma; quando cadet colisæus, cadet et Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.*

I know society must be defended but think about those that claim to be neutral including us. Think about the way we punish.

*Reoccurring themes in the artist's work included phalluses and eyes; phallogentric erotomania and panopticonical vision. Real conclusion: I fucking hate it when you leave me alone and I am so sad.*

But, whatever. If you want in the nim, declare yourself what you wish, do what you like, and tell us about it, or, if you prefer, don't. There are no rules anywhere. The goddess prevails or something?

**THE MORAL OF THE STORY: You bend your willpower and you dare to call yourselves free.**

**You become accustomed to slavery. Down with dogmatism, down with law. SHOOT THE PRESIDENT ("philanthropic aspect" – when the wounds on our hearts heal like the wounds on our bodies, and the cuts become so deep that they cannot heal, people are not good or bad – they are only more or less unhappy and deserving of sympathy).**

**10:10 PM** hELLO THERE

**10:10 PM** The train with the klarts

**10:10 PM** has spilt out into the valley

**10:10 PM** and all the klarts are broken and bleeding.

**10:14 PM** Those little guys

**10:14 PM** are all dying

**10:17 PM** Those little guys are dying...

**10:20 PM** Zore klarts are dying

**10:20 PM** you dont understand me

**10:20 PM** and zose klarts

**10:20 PM** are dyin

"I am depressed ... without phone ... money for rent ... money for child support ... money for debts ... money!!! ... I am haunted by the vivid memories of killings and corpses and anger and pain ... of starving or wounded children, of trigger-happy madmen, often police, of killer executioners ..."

## **A Dead Cat on the Road Somewhere in Quebec (Passage)**

[...]

The mayor had his own tiger. One guy in town was one of the first people to get a Ford Thunderbird when it first came out. It was faster than the other cars the police had and he knew it. For fun he would antagonize the police and get into chases with them. So would the bikers. This guy would lead the cops around for awhile, having fun, drunk driving like ya do, then when he got bored would turn into a farmer's field he knew. If he still couldn't lose the cops after that he would head toward the road where it intersected with another one perpendicular, like a 'T'. There was a ditch there, but if he drove as fast as he could he would be able to clear the ditch and go flying down the road facing out while the cops would have to stop and turn back, making his escape. Well, one time to show off he took some friends with him, drunk driving and getting into cop chases, like ya do, and tried this same old trick. Problem was, whenever he had done this in the past there was only him in the car, and, well, with a car full of people the weight of the car was a bit different. Instead of sailing over the ditch and onto the road and freedom, they hit nose-first into the side of the road at full speed and the car crumpled. It folded completely in half, and everyone in the car but the driver died instantly.

Meanwhile, I can't get from the airport to my apartment without seeing at least one police officer and two or three patrol vehicles.

Please be aware that audio and video recording devices are in use on this vehicle.

Verbal or physical abuse will not be tolerated.

Transit users top pet peeves include your being a: Funky Ferret, Lounge Lizard, Birdie Big Bags, Chatty Chihuahua, Hungry Hamster, Disco Dog, Blocking Bunny, or a Crowding Kitty.

Sit down.

Shut up.

Don't move.

Don't say anything.

Don't touch anyone.

Just.

Fucking.

Sit.

Fuck the police! All cops are bastards! Social housing now! Fuck gentrification!

#OCCUPY #YOLO #LOL #OCTOTHORPE

Rich, white, city kids calling me 'comrade', dead-eyed lost 'punks' and other assorted ephemera losing their shit because I managed to walk right in past the doorman without notice. They worry because to them I look like a narc. It'd almost be funny if it weren't so fucking sad. Everyone stands around and doesn't have fun. Then after not having any fun they all go home to not have fun at home.

Cool revolution, bro, tell it again.

History, biology – archaeology.

Cognitive systems.

Philosophy.

Political science.

Combined Major in Philosophy and Political Science.

Well, it wasn't spectacular, but it was still very good and there was a lot to like about it.

There is a lot here, and while I think it is quite creative and provocative, this is verging on something closer to a dissertation sized project (or bigger), rather than term paper. I would suggest reining in the



ambition here, and considering why you are dissatisfied with the more typical theories of the sort we studied, but which don't have the strongly revisionary and existentially motivated concerns you are interested in pursuing here. While I can see some merits in the big picture project you sketch out, it is far from an obvious answer to the problem, and doesn't even strike me as intuitively plausible. That isn't to say it's wrong: but for one to be motivated to pursue something quite so original and non-obvious, it seems like one ought to be able to explain one's discontent with the more common and initially plausible approaches.

Two professors this term commented in their introductory lectures this term about "how anti-social Canadians" are.

I've held someone's life in my hands. I was 13. She would've done anything I asked her to. She was obsessed with me. She idolized me. She called me God and began her diary entries "Dear Dustin,". When me and her best friend learned of all this and tried to break her of it and have me leave the picture so she would get over me, she started cutting herself and repeatedly carving my name into her body so that it would scar and I would always be with her. To this day she likely has a partly-formed 'D' displayed on her hip. A blood- and tear-stained suicide letter brought me back in. We took away her cutting implements, then she began to gag herself with rags soaked with nail polish remover. We took those away from her too. Eventually it worked and I could be removed from the picture. She was never completely put back together, but after that she just ended up smoking a lot of pot, dying her hair pink and going off to McGill on some big scholarship, so she did about as well as anyone can hope for in life, I guess. I dated the best friend after this – going through that kind of shit brings people together, ya know? It turns out that when the friend first learned about me from the first one, she 'had a feeling about me' and spent hours trying to figure out the password to the first one's e-mail so she could contact me. It was less-so a relationship and more so a game of commitment chicken. She got taken to Australia for 6 months while her father was on sabbatical there. We were still together, but she had a boyfriend there while she was there, ya know, to keep up appearances and survive in her new locale. I guess I won? After she came back I eventually cut her out because I could no longer tell what was real and what wasn't anymore. And all this because I went against my nature and agreed to go on a double-date with my friend and "be nice" so he could try to hook up with this girl from drama camp. Since then I reflexively avoid being too nice to people. I don't try to impress, I don't try to win friends and acquaintances.

Influence.

Power.

Responsibility.

I am powerful.

You are powerful.

Most people think very little of themselves, what they're capable of, and of each other.

You can destroy me.

Or you can save my life.

I can destroy you, I can save lives.

I can't not be aware of it.

I can't not be aware of many things.

I can't compartmentalize people and treat them only as objects and means to my ends. I can only see people as whole persons, made up of the very exact same stuff as I am. People tell me all sorts of things without really wanting to. I usually can only look people in the eye's a glance at a time because what I'm learning about them is too overwhelming. Your secrets, your fears, your desires, your needs, your thoughts – they all show through. No one's poker face is that good. I try to block out the noise most of the time – head down, blinders on, just trying to keep myself from drowning it in all.

He forced us to look at each other for one full minute, not saying anything. That was hard enough and I could barely do it, and even then only by virtue of the occasional furtive glance abroad.

Then he made us do it for two minutes. I could not, I just could not.

He promises at some point we will have to do it for five. I don't know how I will.

Ya know, I know you just turned from 10 to 11, but it seems like you've jumped from 10 straight to 18.

After my 12th birthday: now it seems like you've gone from 18 to 80.

I guess by now that means I've lived and died a few times over.

Growing up I never had any conceptualization or understanding of life beyond the age of 18. I still don't.

What do you want? Forget whether it's even possible or not, there's something to be gained just by focusing on and understanding what it is you want.

Take care of yourself 'at home' and take solace in that good home space you've created, then use that in order to have something to fall back on so you can take the risks you need to get the things you want.

You're stuck in this game of "Me vs. them" and you keep siding with "them" – it needs to be "we", "me" and "them". You need to find a way to come together with others without dominating them or being dominated by them. You need to decide if you want to have these connections and relationships with other people at all, and if so, what sort of connections and relationships you want to have and how you want to navigate them.

Hegelierkagaardzek says it's a struggle to the death as the gaze of the self that is the not-self that is the self relates the self to the relation's relating the relation of the self to the self's relation of relating the relation of the self, self, self, relate, relate, relate, thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis, boners!

Can you relate, bro? I can relate, bro.

#YOLO #PAID4ITMYSELF #EXISTENTIALISM

I gave a stranger on the bus a mint today. The three others said no. Still, 25% batting average ain't too bad.

I've got new glasses. The first new pair in years. No one's said anything. It's been two weeks already.

Is anyone even there?

I have more money than I know what to do with.

I am a landowner.

I have been to all ten provinces.

Most of the meals I eat are vegan.

I'm slowly turning gay only because I'm so sick of heteronormative culture.

I never got over my best friend leaving me after elementary school.

Noise.

Noise.

Noise.

The noise.

Most of the time I crumble under all of the noise.

I just want peace and quiet and for things to go well.

I just want someone who cares about me to share my life with.

When you do well, I do well.

I hold no resentment towards anyone.

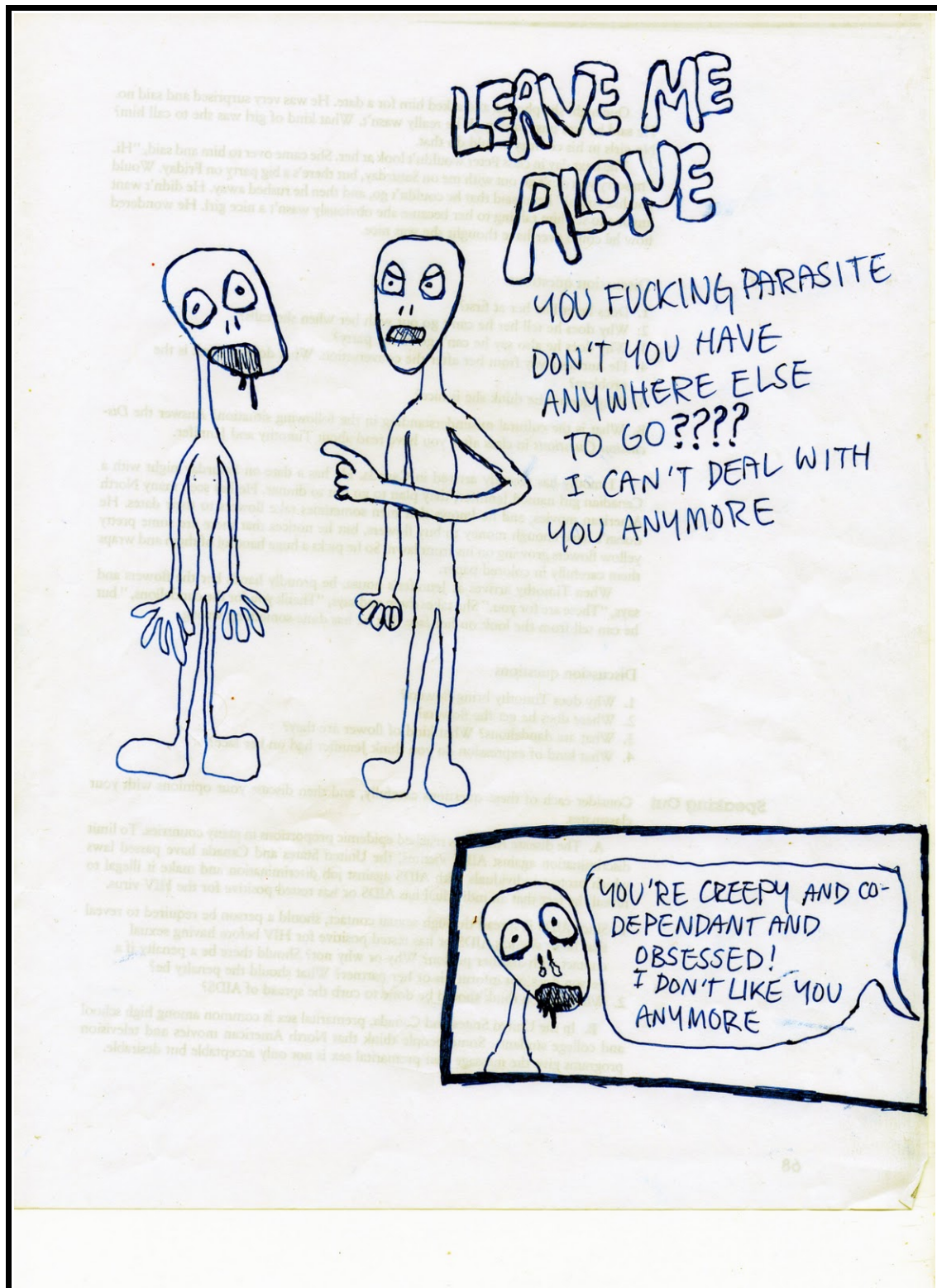
## **SELF INDULGENT PROSE BY AN ART STUDENT**

suppose i wasn't me  
suppose there was a time and place  
a moment, where i was  
seen differently.  
a universe , where everything i am  
i was and will be  
was outside the realm of things beyond me.  
understand that binaries and systems have been built so strong,  
so everlasting.  
Seemingly impossible for one to , fracture their foundations.  
but its not so hard to see the cracks  
suppose there was no colonizer  
no power or privilege to produce the language i speak.  
these words would never exist, but neither would those seven letters  
those dreaded seven letters they use to call me  
suppose there was no alphabet.  
the constellation of seven letters that my mother bore out of her minds eye was reduced to one  
a single letter.  
a single syllable.  
B. Be. Bee  
I suppose if there were no alphabet,  
I would not be buzzing my way through tireless conversations  
phrases that when uttered completely disregard  
my existence.  
so i suppose if i wasn't me,  
that second letter would not bother me.  
it would not disrupt the rhythm of my chitter chatter  
it would not fuck up the beat of my peers utterances  
it would not fuck with what they already know  
it would not fuck with my pulse everytime someone calls to me using those other seven other letters in  
that exact order

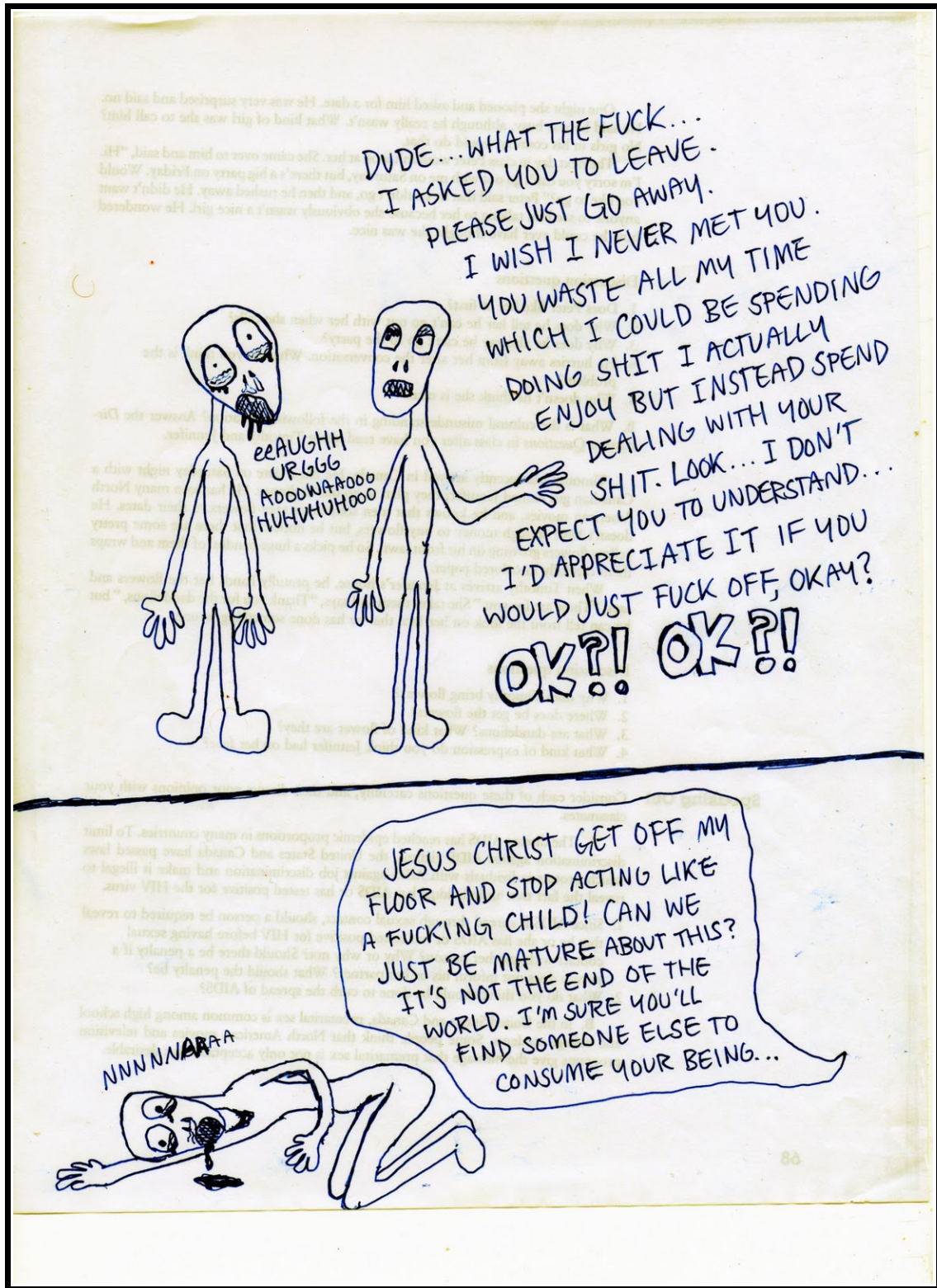


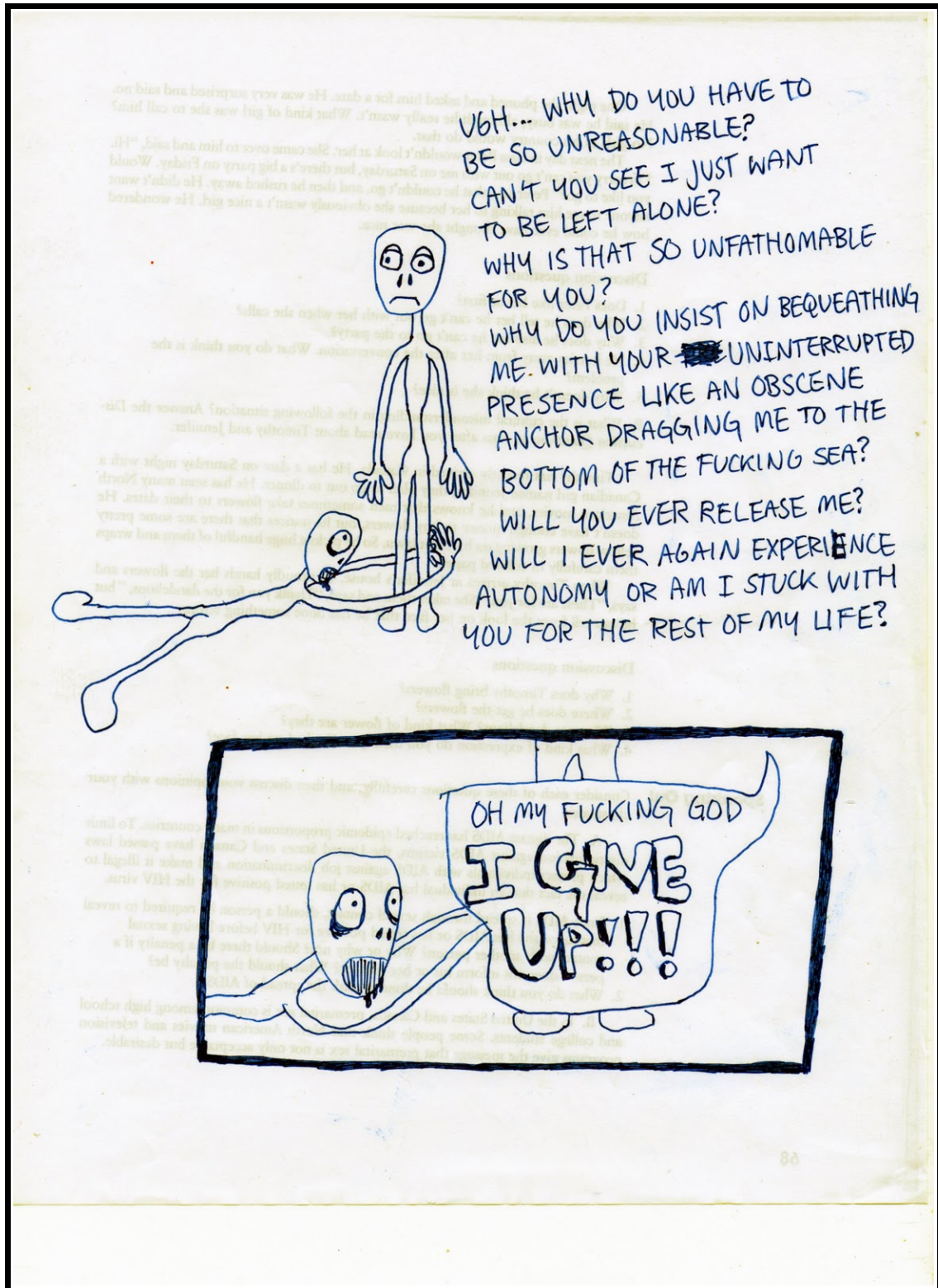


## Please Don't Read This







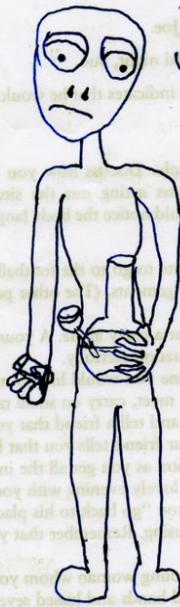




I NEED TO GET HIGH...

DO WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT.

I DON'T FEEL LIKE FIGHTING WITH  
YOU ANYMORE,



And they lived  
"happily" ever after!

AND THAT'S WHY DRUGS ARE BAD, KIDS!